

Inner City

"Comin' for Datazz"

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"Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come" --> Run-D.M.C.

[Guru]

I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied
Try me, and you'll descend into your end
Never thought it could be you well think again my
friend
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away
Just behave and be a good son -- or else
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get taken
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new
Pumped to put some lead in your crew
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

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Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;
puffin on a blizz, mellow mediatin black?
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from
wayback
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical

The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

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come" --> Run-D.M.C.

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV
You know the video shows that you be watchin
Call up and request so you can see it more often
My persona sheds more light than a nova
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do
Pursue the knowledge that's available
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends
fail you
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin
But you're still the same snake with my name on your
mouth
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the
jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom
Never be able to touch GangStarr
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and
grass
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz

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* DJ Premier cuts n scratches *

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